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THE PRIVATE PURSE.

BY MRS S. C. HALL.

PART I.

"TELL my niece, Miss Geraldine—I mean, tell Mrs Leeson—that as soon as she has put off her bridal and put on her travelling dress, I wish to see her," said Mrs Gascoigne to her maid, who had not answered her bell until she had rung it twice.

"Yes, ma'am," replied the flushed maiden, who was bowed out with white satin ribbon, as if she too were just made a bride.

"And listen—When all this mummery is over, take off these white fal-lals, and lay them by; they will do for the next fool of the family who chooses to enter the 'holy bonds'—ah! ah!"

The servant hardly murmured "Yes, ma'am" to this, nor had she quite closed the door on the crackling laugh of her mistress, when she muttered, "Well, that beats all! She to come on a visit to her own sister, on her niece's wedding-day, and grudge me wearing of the ribbons that cost her nothing! But it's just like her! Stingy!—augh! It's no use talking—I can't a-bear stinginess. I wonder why she could not stay below at the breakfast like other Christians; but it's none of my business. Put by the ribbons, indeed, that never cost her a brass farthing!" A group of ladies passing from one room to another interrupted this soliloquy, and turned the rippling current of the waiting-maid's small mind from meditation to observation. In an instant she became spell-bound by the white roses that garlanded the bridesmaids' bonnets.

Mrs Gascoigne, a lady of some five-and-fifty years, who had been a wife for a year and a widow for ten, was occupied after her own fashion. She was seated at a table in her dressing-room, and upon it was her open desk. Her long narrow features were pinched into a mean expression; her hair grew thinly above her brow; and yet it was short and frizzed, as if it had not the heart to grow long. Her lips were thin and compressed, betokening, however, secrecy rather than firmness. I have noted ugly mouths, still of a bland and generous formation; but I never saw a mouth like Mrs Gascoigne's that was not indicative of meanness and subterfuge. Her eyes were fine—that is to say, well set, and of a good colour; but their expression was unpleasant—it was sharp and suspicious. Her dress was neither good nor becoming, and she had flung aside the silver favour indicative of the motive that had drawn her from her own home. A faded purse of blue and white was between her fingers, and into it she had dropped some guineas—not sovereigns, but old-fashioned golden guineas—which she had, as it were, purloined from her own desk. She shook them once or twice, and an unconscious smile disturbed the gravity of her face—it was evident that she loved the golden chimes. Then she picked one out, and put it into its secret hiding-place in her desk. "Forty-nine," she said to herself—"forty-nine will go as far with a foolish girl as fifty; but it's an odd number—she may wonder why it was not fifty." Another was taken from the purse and returned to the drawer. A moment's pause—she looked out a third, a fourth; weighed it for a moment on her well-practised finger—it was a thought light, so she exchanged it for one that pleased her better, and it was dropped into the hoard. Another—she chinked the purse again. "Forty-five good guineas—forty and five," she repeated—"hum! quite enough to commence a private purse for the wife of a young banker;" and she shut it to with a determined snap.

"May I come in, dear aunt?" said a sweet voice at the door—"may I come in?"

Until the desk was shut and locked she made no answer; and then, affecting not to have recognised tones the sweetness of which told upon every ear, as the joy bells sound upon the summer air, she inquired, "Who is there?"

"Me, aunt—Geraldine," answered the same music.

"Oh yes, dear, come in," said Mrs Gascoigne. For a moment she looked with pride upon the young and lovely being who had that day committed her entire destiny into the hands of one who had promised, with his whole heart and soul, to "love her, comfort her, honour and keep her in sickness and in health; and, forsaking all others, keep him only unto her so long as they both should live."

"Why, dear," exclaimed Mrs Gascoigne, as the mind returned to its old habits, "what a deal of money that dress must have cost! it is a real pity to hack it travelling—a real pity. Dear Geraldine, have you no turned silk you could wear on the journey!—eh!"

"You know, aunt, I brought Henry no fortune, so mamma thought the least thing I might have was a handsome wardrobe;" and she looked as much annoyed as she could have been with any thing on such a day.

"Ah, dear—well, that's true; I suppose your poor mother scraped together all she could to make up the trousseau, and has no little purse to give you, eh?"

"My dear mother," replied the bride—and the ready tears rose to her eyes—"has indeed done every thing to make me happy—I was going to say independent—but every woman is dependent upon her husband; and Henry is so gentle and affectionate, I have no fear that he will make me feel he was rich and I was poor. Mamma gave me ten guineas, and," added the fair girl (she had not numbered nineteen summers), with a proud air, "it will be a long time before I spend all that."

"That's my own Geraldine—keep it, dear—don't spend it—keep it. Gold grows by the keeping; it does not rust or mildew—keep it; it is power—all that man or woman wants. I know that—by wanting it, Geraldine. Ay, you may smile, and I dare say your mother and all of them think it not true: poor Mr Gascoigne left me enough, but no more. You, Geraldine, were my god-child—called after me—and I must say that you have been as good and as affectionate as if I had made you a present every birthday, which, perhaps, I might have done, had I not been afraid you would have married your cousin Arthur Harewell."

"My dearest aunt!" ejaculated Geraldine, in a tone of surprise.

"Oh, yes! I know he was very fond of you; but I hate every one of the Harewells; they are as poor as church mice, and yet as proud of their intellect as if they had been every one city members. Now, my dear, I am going to tell you a secret, which I must not have you tell Henry; your own secrets you may tell him, if you are foolishly fond of talking, but as this is my secret, you have no right to tell it."

"No," said Geraldine, somewhat hastily, "I will not tell him your secret, aunt. I have no right to do that, I think."

"Certainly not, my dear; all men have odd notions, and it is a foolish thing to tell them every nonsense; it makes them think little of us women, to keep up a little-tattle about every trifle."

Geraldine gave no reply to this. She had made up her mind to tell Henry every thing; this was her own right-minded impulse; for her mother, a quiet, amiable, fashionably-thinking woman, fancied she performed her duty when she sent Geraldine to a board-

ing-school, heard her play and sing, and saw her dance during the vacations—restricted her own expenditure in all things that she might have the best masters, and be as well dressed as girls who had ten times her fortune—a sure way to enfeeble the mind—took it for granted, that, as she knew her catechism, had been confirmed, and went every Sunday to church, her religious education was such as to befit the high calling of a Christian—and had never spoken to her of the duties a woman is called upon to fulfil as wife and mother, until about a week previous to the wedding-day, when she told her to be affectionate and forbearing, and "not to forget her own dignity." Something she added about the duties of a mother, and the advantage of cold bathing for infants; but quickly concluded by saying that there would be "time enough to think of that." No wonder that Geraldine was unable to reply to her aunt's commonplaces, and at once unravel their fallacy and penetrate their danger. There are, to my knowledge, at this moment, when volumes on female education pour from the press—when national education is rendering the lower superior to the higher class in solid and useful knowledge—there are scores of well-intentioned ladies, gentlewomen by birth and in manner, who love their daughters, who would (if they knew how) forward their temporal and eternal welfare in every possible way—and yet do no more than Geraldine Leeson's mother did. When shall we have a school for mothers?

Mrs Gascoigne resumed the broken thread of her discourse more quickly than I have finished my digression.

"Well, my dear Geraldine, I have here a little present for you—just enough to prevent your running to your husband's pocket every moment; but you must not tell him a word about it—it is my secret. If he or your mother were to know I had scraped together fifty—no, five-and-forty—guineas for you, they would expect me to go on giving; and the more you give, the more you may. So, take it with my blessing, child, and take care of it; spend it secretly for any little thing you may want, and say nothing about it."

Geraldine was really surprised and pleased; she had never in all her life had so much money of her own, and least of all had she expected it from her "stingy aunt." She reiterated her thanks most sincerely; and little thought she had taken the first step towards deceiving her husband and working her own misery.

"Remember," repeated Mrs Gascoigne—"remember, it is my secret, and you have promised; you cannot conceive how I should suffer if you broke your word." Again Geraldine kissed her, and bade her affectionately farewell—not before she had been twice summoned by her bridesmaids.

"I might as well," said this dangerous monitor, as she took her seat by the window to observe the departing carriages—"I might as well have taken back that odd five; and then the ten her mother gave her would have just made up the fifty. I hope she'll take care of it, poor dear child! There she goes, and her cousin, Arthur Harewell, handing her in! Well, I shall conceive it my duty to give Henry Leeson a hint to look after his pretty wife when Master Harewell is in the way. It is a very queer world we live in!"

The people who make the world "queer," as they call it, are the first to complain of this queerness; and so it was with Mrs Gascoigne. Her own marriage had been entirely dictated by interested motives. She married a rich old miser for the sake of his wealth, when she was past forty; and upon her "queer" ways his "queer" ways became engrafted. Geraldine's match pleased her, because Mr Leeson was rich; and

she fancied her god-child had inherited her disposition, because she had discarded a poor cousin, whom she believed, erroneously, she loved, and married a wealthy man, whom she, as erroneously, believed she did not love. If Geraldine had chanced to like and wed her poor cousin, Mrs Gascoigne would never have given her five-and-forty pence.

Geraldine Leeson had escaped many of the contaminations of a public school, from a sincere desire to learn thoroughly whatever she undertook; consequently she had little spare time. She knew the sacrifices her mother made that she might become accomplished; and besides, she loved her home dearly and devotedly. She had not left it as early as many children do, so that the home affections, if not full-grown, had taken root before her departure into a community as varied and as dangerous as that of all large schools must be, until their entire system is thoroughly regenerated. Still, as this was a "finishing school," she could not but hear various speculations, on the part of many of the elder girls, as to "when they should come out." How anxious the mamma of one was to get papa into good humour, to spend a winter in Paris—whether he could afford it or not—because her cousin had made an excellent match there; to be sure, the gentleman thought at first, from the style they lived in, that they were very rich, but he knew the difference now; and the other girls laughed at this, and exclaimed, "What fun!" Another mourned bitterly "papa's stinginess," and how her poor mamma was obliged to alter the house bills to make them appear more than they were, or else they never could have anything fit to wear; while a third rejoiced that such never could be the case at home, as her mamma's pin-money was secured, and she did as she pleased without consulting any one! All this sort of poisoning is carried on, like all poisonings, secretly: I do believe that few women, undertaking the charge of youth, would suffer such observations to go unreprieved; but no governess can have ear and eye for fifty, or even five-and-twenty, "grown-up" young ladies, who are permitted to sleep, four or two, in the same room, and to walk attended by foreign teachers, who frequently do not understand the language spoken by their pupils.

Geraldine had escaped systematic corruption; she loved music and dancing for their own sakes, and never cared a great deal for creating a sensation. She, of course, desired to be loved; but she never degraded affection by calculation. She would have paused, certainly, before she wedded poverty; but she would not have married simply because her lover was rich. So far she was tolerably right; but, unfortunately, many mothers, and hers among the number, have confused notions as to the boundaries of the delicate and indelicate. If love is mentioned, instead of impressing the young mind with a just idea of its sacred nature, its holy attributes, its natural impulses, it is dismissed with an "Oh fie!" or a reproving look, which at once assures the daughter that her mother cannot be her confidant, and thus a mother loses a stronghold in her child's mind; whereas, making it the subject of conversation, speaking of it as an event on which much of the happiness or misery of after-life depends, would strengthen the reasoning powers against its undue influence, and, while subduing its violence, lead to its being considered in its more holy and sacred bearings.

Geraldine's mother would have almost blushed herself at mentioning a husband to her, in the abstract; and yet she could not fail to perceive to what the hint of, "Geraldine, wear your blue and white, and let Esther dress your hair; I want you to look particularly well to-night" tended—for this was done when only one eldest son was expected to "come in and try his new flute." How much of the dignity of truth, with which every British mother ought to be crowned, is sacrificed to those petty arts; how much misery ensues, by domestic duties feebly sustained!

"I hope," said her mother—"I hope and pray you may make a good wife;" and she meant what she said, but she had never adopted the means to make her one.

Geraldine read over the marriage ceremony, thought for a moment how harsh that word "obey" sounded, then wondered she had thought so—"it would be so easy to obey one she loved as she loved Henry—obedience would be pleasure;" and so she closed the book. Her nature was very timid. She had little strength of either body or mind; but she had much affection, a gentle yielding temper, and wished to do right in all things. Her husband had settled a handsome independence upon her in case of his death; but the idea of wanting any thing while he lived she had put far from her. Although induced by her selfish aunt to promise not to mention her fatal gift, it had never entered into her head that she was doing wrong in keeping a secret from her husband.

Six months had elapsed since Geraldine became the wife of Henry Leeson. She was established in a pretty house at the "West End;" had a chariot of the newest build, a pair of unexceptionable bays, a very tall footman, and a very little page; went sometimes to the opera, presided at a small dinner party, and assisted at a soirée, with infinite propriety; and so liberally had her husband ministered even to her fancies, that she had only spent five guineas of her store. She had told him of her mother's gift, but remained silent as to her aunt's. Her cousin had come to town to "keep his terms," and her aunt had succeeded her mother as an inmate for a month. "The season," as it is called, had commenced; and if it had not been that her aunt's presence damped her spirits, she would have been as happy as any wife could be. Her husband never was late at his club, and, like most junior partners in a bank, did not remain at his counting-house longer than was absolutely necessary.

One evening, soon after the aunt and her niece had taken their places in front of a private box at Covent Garden—for they did not move in the very high sphere

which eschews English theatres altogether—Henry, leaning over his wife's chair, exclaimed, "Why, Geraldine, what a handsome chain! I have not seen it before. Where did you get it?"

"I bought it, love."

"When?"

"Oh! let me see—this week."

"This week! and never consulted me! I hope," he added, looking somewhat serious, "that it is paid for."

"Of course it is, Henry. Why do you ask?"

"Because that chain must have cost twenty-five guineas at least; and you know, last week you shook your empty purse at me, and I put only ten guineas into it. Where did you get the money?"

Her aunt contrived to press her foot, as a warning. "I told you mamma gave me ten guineas when I left home."

"But you told me how you spent five of that at Cheltenham. We young bankers understand subtraction."

"Well, then," she replied, colouring with confusion, "if you must know, mamma made me up the money, as I fancied the chain."

Mr Leeson bit his lip. "Indeed!" he replied; "she is richer than I fancied."

"It does not need a mother to be very rich to give a child ten guineas even for such a toy as this," she said, flinging the links over her pretty shoulder.

"Certainly not, my dear; but riches are comparative. One person is rich with a pound, another poor with a thousand." He looked serious, even stern for a moment, as if something very unpleasant was presented to his mind; and then his fine animated face brightened up, and he added, "I hope my little Geraldine has not made a private purse!"

She could not reply; she felt agitated, degraded; she had told a falsehood, and one likely to be detected. The performance passed unheeded; she tried to smile, but, instead of smiling, burst into tears. Mr Leeson had not been long enough married to slight a wife's tears; he withdrew her from the front, and thought he had spoken harshly, when he had only spoken seriously; he caressed and apologised, and every affectionate word he spoke added to her self-reproach. Soon after, her cousin entered the box: his manner was only that of most animated young men, light and careless, with an occasional emprovement, rendered more striking when contrasted with his ordinary trifling. Still, that manner was the one, of all others, her husband disliked most. Nor had Mrs Gascoigne's injudicious hint been wanting, to increase the antipathy he had felt towards this well-intentioned but frivolous young man, from the first. Arthur Harewell used a cousin's privilege to the full; inquired—Henry thought more tenderly than was necessary—after her health, then rallied her on her seriousness, talked the usual quantity of nonsense, which women, who know any thing of the world, understand to be matter of course, and then offered some observations on her dress. She complained that the chain had an unsafe clasp, and he offered to take it to the jeweller's to get it repaired—conveying the idea to Henry's mind that he knew where it had been purchased. Mrs Gascoigne, who hated every one of the Harewells, did not fail to cast in as many innuendoes as she could, to annoy the young barrister, who had too much tact to retort on an elderly rich relative, yet became gradually irritated by his own forbearance. Geraldine was so unhappy as to seem constrained; Henry grew snappish and morose; and the only one of the party who seemed contented with the evening's proceedings was Mrs Gascoigne. Not that she acknowledged a wish to make any one, particularly her god-child, unhappy; but, like all other discontented people, she did not quite understand why any thing in this world should go smoothly forward, and it was consolatory to imagine that others were as uncomfortable as herself. There are persons in this world who derive much consolation from the belief that many are more unhappy than themselves. Geraldine was unaccustomed to deception; as long as the five-and-forty guineas had lain dormant in her desk, there was no visible proof of their existence, and she had no temptation to deceive; but the chain coming so palpably before her husband's eyes, had changed altogether the nature of the case, and called her deceptive powers into action. She was, however, a bad actress, and felt so. Her impulses were good.

"I will not," she said, "run a second risk; I will return my aunt her twenty guineas, and not suffer myself to be again tempted: I was fortunate to get off so well last night." She took out the money, and entered her aunt's room.

"You look pale enough," was the morning salutation she received; "and truly, my dear, I am not astonished at it. Mr Leeson's conduct was very harsh to you last night, and, I confess, I thought rude to me; yes, dear, rude to me—to fly into a passion about a trumpery chain, because, forsooth, he was not consulted—to ask if my niece and god-child had paid for what she wore—to inquire how she got the money—taunting you with your want of fortune."

"Oh, dear aunt, he never thought of that!"

"Permit me to know best, if you please, Mrs Leeson. If your mother had done as she ought, she would have stood out for pin-money, and not have left you the degrading task of dunning your husband for every little foolish thing—turning men into molly-cots—Ah! you may smile if you like, Geraldine; the phrase is not very elegant, but it is very expressive—you will allow that, I suppose. However, you were no child of mine, or I would have managed differently, and taught you differently. Men change, my poor girl; and it is quite right for a woman to provide against that change."

"By a large stock of affection?" inquired Geraldine, half amused and more than half awakened by her aunt's theory.

"No, my dear, but as large a stock of cash as she can muster. Henry makes you an allowance for house-keeping; you do not spend it all, I hope?"

"No, aunt; he has given me great credit for good

management. I saved nearly five pounds out of my first month's allowance."

"And you told him so?"

"I certainly did. Now, my dear aunt, why do you look so? Where would have been the pleasure of saving without his praise? I saved five pounds, and gave it him."

"And he took it?"

"Yes; of course he did."

"And after that to speak so meanly about the chain! (which, to confess the truth, was a bit of extravagance; but he did not think that)—a pretty clear proof that he expects you to consult him on every inch of ribbon. Don't be a fool, Geraldine. I know the world, and I know that the more you give in, the more you may."

Why, you do not expect a *business-man*, such as Mr Leeson surely is, to suffer you to lay out his money for what you may fancy?—he knows how money grows out of money too well for that. No; make up your mind to one of two courses—either be content to sink into an upper servant, spending your month's allowance upon the house, and giving in your honest account, or do as I did—as other women do—and keep a little for yourself; you do not know how you may want it; and, from the fuss he made last night about that stupid chain—in public, too—I think you may very easily judge that he intends to draw the purse-strings tight; and you looked all the night as penitent as if you had committed a crime. Well, well, you will know better. I once knew a woman who managed to scrape a purse together so cleverly, that, when her husband got into difficulties, she was able to provide all sorts of little comforts for the house, without the knowledge of the creditors."

"But was that honest?" inquired the young wife, "as it was saved off of his means?"

"But surely he intended it to have been spent?"

"Yes, very likely," replied Mrs Leeson, who was musing on her husband's rudeness; and then she added, "Yet such a system destroys mutual confidence."

"My poor foolish child!" retorted her aunt, with an ominous shake of her head—"My poor foolish child! you do not surely believe that your husband tells you every thing—makes you a confidant! A handsome, would-be-fashionable young man make his wife his confidant!—tell her every thing! Why, what a fool you must be!—ah ah!" and the old crackling laugh grated on Geraldine's heart. "By the way," resumed the adviser, "who was with you when you bought that chain?"

"My cousin."

"Oh! and you told Mr Leeson that, too, I suppose."

"No, I did not; but I would in a moment, for I saw no harm in it."

"Well, my dear, he would; he's as jealous as a Turk. I would not wonder if he thought that Arthur Harewell had given you that chain."

"I told him mamma gave me the money."

"Oh! ah! so you did; I dare say he thought her a great fool, for he must know how little she has to spare; however, dear, there's an end of it now. Take my advice—do not invite Arthur to the house yourself, keep what money you have safely, and add to it whenever you can. You'll find Henry, with all his love, will draw the purse-strings tighter and tighter every year; it's always the way with those business-men; and men of independence are just as bad in the other way, they draw in to meet their own greedy extravagance."

Geraldine was so confounded by the variety of new ideas—the suspicion that she did not possess her husband's confidence, that he insulted her by his jealousy, that let her be as confiding as she would, she would meet with no return, that he was, or would be, avaricious, not from want but caprice—all caused her such pain, that she retired to her room to find relief in tears, without returning the remainder of her money. If she had preconceived notions upon the subject—if her mind had been decided that, let her husband's conduct be what it would, her duties, solemnly pledged at the altar, remained the same, all would have been well. But, poor thing, she had no fixed principles to build on. Her cousin called a couple of hours after, and she did not ask him to dinner. When her husband returned, he found her languid and cold, with an indescribable air of offended dignity; whereas he, on the other hand, felt constrained and afflicted at a duplicity he had discovered for the first time. If either had confided in the other, how much after misery would have been spared to both!

Mr Leeson heard from the footman that Mr Harewell had called, and thought it was odd his wife did not as usual mention his name, with those of two or three other visitors; then he asked her abruptly, "Why she had not detained her cousin Arthur to dinner?"

Her aunt's insinuation as to her husband's jealousy immediately occurred to her, and she stammered and blushed so as to recall vividly to his mind the young man's frivolous manner on the preceding evening; and the consequence was, that both felt exceedingly unhappy.

It is not to be wondered at that Mr Leeson suffered a good deal of anxiety; for it so happened he had discovered that his wife's mother was exceedingly distressed for money before she had quitted his house to return to her own; and, with a delicacy which deserved increased confidence, he had placed a sum at her disposal as she was leaving London, intreating her not to mention it to Geraldine, lest the shadow of obligation might give her pain. The old lady thanked him with tears of gratitude, confessing that she had wished to borrow a few pounds from her daughter, but thought it better not, lest it might lead to uncomfortable feelings. This proved to him that his beloved wife—she whom he loved with all the passion of a strong, truthful, and fervent affection—she in whose simple purity he trusted, and would have trusted for ever—had deceived him by a mean falsehood. If she had not returned him the five pounds already mentioned, he would again have taxed her with forming a private purse; but that act militated so strongly against such a supposition, that he repudiated the idea for one far more painful—he believed she had either

accepted the chain from her cousin, or borrowed the money from him.

Henry Leeson's nature was none of the softest. He entertained the highest possible sense of female honour. Whatever the fact might be, he boasted of always making his affections subject to his reason. And on that same evening, when they were alone, he said, after about twenty minutes had been spent in a restless and painful dialogue, in which neither were explicit, yet both saw that something remained untold—he said, sternly, for the fair and gentle face he looked upon had lost the radiance of truth, “Thus much, Geraldine—thus much; beware at any attempt to deceive me; for, if you do so once, you will never do so a second time.”

The young wife wept, and wept bitterly; but though only four-and-twenty hours had elapsed since he dried her tears so anxiously, yet then he had not thought, and calculated, and placed one circumstance with another, to see how they tallied; and he had clung to the hope that she would have frankly told the truth when they were alone—he had pictured her with her pale weeping face, he had framed the gentle counsel, and heard the fond promise; he had hoped even that she had gone in debt rather than have been obliged to any man for a golden gift, which she feared to confess. Her aunt's extreme niggardliness prevented the supposition that she had bestowed any thing upon her save what even misers give—advice. Yet little did he imagine what the nature of that advice would be. Young men in general are careful enough as to what male society their wives mingle with; but they ought to be even more careful as to the female. A woman is on her guard amongst men, but amongst women her heart and ears are both open; yet what pernicious notions may she not imbibe from that dangerous class of persons called “women of the world.”

It would be almost impossible to trace how one small suspicion grew out of another; how Geraldine's heart heaved and ached under the consciousness that her husband regarded every thing she did with a prejudiced eye, and listened to her words with a jealous ear; how, having asked him for some fancy of hers, when he was in a mood not to grant a favour, he refused; and her aunt, who unfortunately happened to be present, took occasion to exult in the truth of her evil prophecy.

“You see, Geraldine, I was right; every husband grows selfish sooner or later; and a poor woman who has no spirit is sure to be trampled on—never has a shilling to spend on herself, unless she manages.”

Geraldine had no broad ideas as to the duties of wedded life. She, happily for herself, had never thought of discussing the rights of women apart from the rights of men. She did not seek to disturb the beautiful harmony of nature, by setting up the weak against the strong—by endeavouring to reason a woodbine into becoming an oak; but she did think sometimes that as the oak did not afford much generous support to the woodbine, the woodbine might manage a little artificial support for itself. So she fell, by degrees, into her aunt's plan. She stinted the house to fill her private purse, and this narrowness rendered his home any thing but comfortable to her husband; but even this was not the worst. She, who had felt and mourned over her first untruth with so much real bitterness of spirit, had become accustomed to falsehood; it was necessary to tell one little lie to hide another; the holy beauty of truth had altogether departed from her. Whenever her conscience reproached her, she whispered to it “that she could not help it—that if Henry had continued the Henry he was at first, it would have been different—that it was his fault—that he was severe—that he had grown suspicious—that as he often blamed her without a cause, she might as well have a little of her own way as not—that he was frightfully stingy.” It was impossible for any one to have proceeded in this course, without becoming morally degraded; it is wonderful how slowly yet surely this degradation progresses; until, when a review of the past takes place, we are astonished that what were principles should now be called prejudices, and marvel at our past simplicity. Such were generally Geraldine's reflections. She almost smiled to think how she had blushed and trembled at an equivocation; but such smiles are only as gleams of sunshine on a sepulchre, and when they pass, woe, woe, for the rottenness within!

Arthur Harewell always came to London in term time, and sometimes remained until it had been long over. Henry Leeson would hardly confess to himself that he regarded him with suspicion; and yet, though they frequented the same club, walked together, went to the theatres together, and Arthur was the constant guest at his table, Mr Leeson was any thing but comfortable in his society.

In indulging this feeling, he did his wife gross injustice. She loved her husband, and practised no deception towards him, except on the one point; but it would have been next to impossible to convince him of this. She was universally admired; her loveliness was matured into beauty. She was never absent from her husband's thoughts for ten minutes together; and yet he was the only person who appeared indifferent to her.

Her memory was not always true to her falsehood; she often betrayed herself. She had lost her husband's respect. The vase was broken, and though much of the perfume remained, he did not seek to treasure it, but rather desired to have the power of turning from it altogether: each had a separate interest. And when he looked upon the only child God had given them—a girl—his heart sunk within him, “For,” he said, “she will grow up a liar like her mother!” To do Geraldine justice, she endeavoured, strange as it may seem, to impress her daughter with a love of truth; but her ideas of right and wrong, in their bravest and highest sense, were confused—and precept in education is nothing worth without practice.

She had not seen her mother since the birth of her child, as she had been abroad from ill health. Her aunt visited her but too often, for she became, unfortunately, the depositary of her secrets, and still advised her to keep her purse closer than ever, as be sure her child, as

she grew up, would want so many things its father would not give it.

It would be impossible to particularise the various instances of mistrust that occasioned so many bickerings between Geraldine and her husband; but they had led to this result—that, even when she spoke the truth, her husband did not believe her. A disbelief in her truth as regarded money matters, was not the only doubt that passed through and occasionally took possession of Henry's mind. He fastened upon her a careless impropriety of conduct, which was altogether apart from her nature; and never did she wear the chain which occasioned her first act of dissimulation, without its rendering him silent and morose. At last her mother, whom much sickness had made a wiser woman, came to visit them; and so great was the change apparent in both, that she resolved to probe its cause as far as she was able.

POPULAR INFORMATION ON FRENCH LITERATURE.

TWELFTH ARTICLE.—DU BELLAY AND DE BELLEAU.

THE early portion of the sixteenth century witnessed the appearance of a constellation of poets in the hemisphere of French literature, to whom, in consequence of their number, was given the collective title of the Pleiad. Some of these were men of no slight ability, and their works still retain a high degree of popularity among their countrymen. Two of the most eminent were Joachim du Bellay and Remi de Belleau.

Joachim du Bellay was a scion of one of the most illustrious houses of Anjou. He was born in the year 1524, at the village of Liré, a place distant some few miles from the town of Angers. Being a younger brother, and left comparatively dependent, he sustained considerable neglect in youth; but this proved rather an advantage than the reverse, leading him into habits of self-culture, which did more for his education, it is probable, than any ordinary instruction could have done. He began in early youth to write verses, and speedily acquired the friendship of the great patroness of literature and merit in that age, Marguerite of Valois. It was to his relative, the Cardinal du Bellay, however, that the young poet naturally looked for special support and encouragement, and that influential prelate accorded it so far as to carry his kinsman with him on the same Italian mission which Rabelais accompanied. Joachim du Bellay, though disgusted with the profligacy of the courts of Italy, derived great benefit from his residence in that country, the study of her famous writers having improved and fixed his poetical tastes. His collection, “The Olive,” amounting to above a hundred sonnets, has also reference chiefly to Italian subjects and persons, and is composed after the Petrarchan model, the olive being the chosen emblem of the French poet's love, as the laurel was of the Italian's. On the whole, the style of Du Bellay had much of the grace, ease, and sweetness of that of Petrarch, though his countrymen preferred to apply to him the title of the French Ovid.

Spenser, in an address to the French bard, exclaims—

“Bella! first garland of free poetry
That France brought forth, though fruitful of brave wits,
Well worthy thou of immortality!”

This last line alludes, it is probable, to a little piece on the “Immortality of Poets,” in which Du Bellay, with that consciousness of desert which seems inseparable from the temperament of a true poet, boldly prognosticates for himself an immortality of fame. We cannot give a better specimen of his poetry, perhaps, than this very piece.

While bravely some attempt to gain
The honours of the conquering sword,
And others, on a distant main,
Seek to amass a golden hoard;
For palace-smiles while this one longs,
And that one courts the popular throngs;
I, whom the Graces love away,
Contemn the gifts that these adore;
I hate their honours of a day,
Their ones that gnaw the bosom's core.
Whatever pleases me is sure
To be what crowds can not endure.

The laurels of the ancient lyre
Have given me fellowship with gods;
And satyrs, full of globose fire,
Chasing the nymphs to their abodes,
Have made me love, in unsought spots,
The holy gloom of their rude grots.

I have the hope to roam the skies
On pinions hitherto unfried;
And, ere a lengthen'd period flies,
No more on earth shall I abide.
From all the pride and strife below,
Far above envy, shall I go.

Beyond the Mississippi's shore
From the bright day-dawn will I fly—
From northern bear to black-armed Moor—
The whitest bird of all the sky.
I will not dread to leave this light,
And enter on the last long night.

I have no fear to die, as all
Must do that breathe our mortal breath;
Whatever part by death may fall,
My better part shall mock his wrath.
Wealth and ambition may have fear
Of death, for they have life but here.

Away with the funeral song!
Away with portraiture and bust!
My ashes are not those that long
For the vain honours paid to dust,
Which but for some brief years can keep
Their memory from oblivion's deep.

Though to the vulgar herd unknown,
My name shall not unhonour'd be;
The sisters of Mount Helicon
A sepulchre have given to me,
Which nor the potent tempest fears,
Nor the long course of passing years.

Besides the works mentioned, Joachim du Bellay was the author of rural pieces, called *Vers Rustiques*, *Visions*, many small pieces, a work on the French language, and some Latin poems, not held in the same esteem with his others. It would be unwise not to take advantage here of such a translator as Spenser, when we have it in our power. The following sonnet was rendered by him into English, and gives one of the picturesque pieces of description that appear in Du Bellay's *Visions* :—

“On high hill top I saw a stately frame,
An hundred cubits high by just estimate,
With hundred pillars fronting fair the same,
All wrought with diamond, after Doric wise;
Nor brick nor marble was the wall to view,
But shining crystal, which, from top to base,
Out of her womb a thousand rays threw
On hundred steps of Africa's gold encase;
Gold was the parge; and the ceiling bright
Did shine all scaly with great plates of gold;
The floor of jasp and emerald was dight.
Oh! world's vainness! whilst thus I did behold,
An earthquake shook the hill from lowest seat,
And overthrew this frame with ruin great.”

A relative high in the church, Eustache du Bellay, Bishop of Paris, obtained for the poet a canonry in the church in the year 1550. But he did not live long to enjoy the benefit of earthly possessions; after his return from Rome. At the very early age of thirty-one, Joachim du Bellay was cut off by apoplexy. The date of his decease was January 1555, and he was interred in the church of Notre-Dame.

Of the cotemporary of this poet, Remi de Belleau, we have now to speak. He was pre-eminently the poet of love and nature. Little else is known of his private life, save that he was born at Nogent-le-Rotrou, in Le Perch, in the year 1523, and that he was patronised by René de Lorraine, Marquis d'Elbeuf, whose son was confided to his tutorial charge. Afterwards Belleau, as was customary, went to court and gained favour there. When Charles IX. could not sleep on account of the haunting visions of the victims of the Eve of Bartholomew, the poesies of Remi Belleau were pleasing to him in a particular degree, and, above all, a “Discourse of Vanity, taken from Ecclesiastes,” in twelve sections. This is a well-versed work, though without much other merit. “Sacred Eclogues,” from the Song of Songs, may be summarily dismissed in the same way. But the largest work of Belleau was one entitled the “*Loves and New Transformations of the Precious Stones*.” This work has a resemblance in plan both to Darwin's *Loves of the Plants* and Ovid's *Metamorphoses*. Take, for example, the fanciful story of the origin of the Opal stone as given by Belleau. Iris, the many-coloured messenger of imperial Juno, is sent on some errand to earth. By the banks of the Indus she stays a while to refresh herself, and there falls in love with Opalle, a beauteous shepherd. He is so much struck, too, with the charms of the celestial envoy, that he swoons away; but he recovers, and, in converse with him, Iris forgets Olympus and all that it contains. The impatient Juno searches for and discovers her; when the mortal cause of the forgetfulness of Iris is changed by the angry deity into a stone. The lamenting Iris cannot undo the charm, but she blends together some of her rainbow rays, and, bestowing them on the stone, converts it into Opal.

Our readers will readily see, that, though the poetry may be fine, no human interest can attach to such stories. Even Ovid's tales have more of the latter quality, in as far as real human beings are supposed by him to be the parties metamorphosed. But where all is fictitious and fictitious together, the matter must be cold and dry indeed. Like Darwin, Belleau has only wasted his ingenuity. For our present purposes, however, it is fortunate that, in so many instances, the poets under notice should have left the most favourable specimens of their powers in the form of small pieces. Here is such a piece from the mint of

Belleau. The object of this aspiration is to entreat Astræa, or the Star of Peace, to return to France.

Fair Astræa, quit thy sphere,
Thou, so long'd for in our clime;
Come, and make thy sojourn here
For a time!
Civil flames have now too long
Cours'd our towns and vales among,
Stirring wrath and whetting swords;
Long hath famine gnaw'd our boards;
Pestilence, and ruin's darts,
Long have lost us thy sweet arts.

Tempests do not ever roar
In the trembling pilot's ears;
Rocks do not on every shore
Wake his fears.
Thunder, terrible and loud,
Comes not always from the cloud,
Nor the flashing, nor the flame;
Often times will the storm grow tame,
And the gloom will disappear,
And the clouded sky be clear.

Show to us thy lovely face,
At this season fresh and new,
Let us, for sweet ruth, find grace
In thy view.
Let, beneath thy honour'd hand,
Golden grain re-deck the land!
Come, more gracious than the star
Which directs the solar car,
When the god on the void air
Shakes abroad his golden hair!

When thy coming is at hand,
Let the heavens pour on the winds
Odours sweet and perfumes bland,
Of all kinds.
With honey and with manna showers;
So that this fair France of ours
May enjoy a beauteous spring,
To which time no end shall bring,
Nor the changes that have birth
On this fickle, shifting earth.

Having nothing further of interest to give relative to the career of Remi Belleau, save that he died in Paris in 1877, we are the more pleased at having it in our power to present another and concluding specimen of his verses, rendered by an able hand in the *London Magazine* for April 1822—a publication of so high a character that its brief career is much to be regretted. The piece alluded to is a Song on April.

"April, sweet month, the daintiest of all,
Fair thee befall:
April, fond hope of fruits that lie
In buds of swathing cotton wrapt,
There closely lapt,
Nursing their tender infancy.

April, that dost thy yellow, green, and blue,
All round thee strew,
When, as thou goest, the grassy floor
Is with a million flowers dolepoint,
Whose colours quaint
Have diaper'd the meadows o'er.

April, at whose glad coming zephyrs rise
With whisper'd sighs,
Then on their light wing brush away,
And hang amid the woodlands fresh
Their airy mesh,
To tangle Flora on her way.

April, it is thy hand that doth unlock,
From plain and rock,
Odours and hues, a balmy store,
That breathing lie on nature's breast,
So richly blest
That earth or heaven can ask no more.

April, thy blooms, amid the tresses laid
Of my sweet maid,
Adown her neck and bosom flow;
And in a wild profusion there,
Her shining hair
With them hath bled a golden glow.

April, the dimpled smiles, the playful grace,
That in the face
Of Cytherea haunt, are thine;
And thine the breath, that from their skies
The deities
Inhale, an offering at thy shrine.

Tis thou that dost with summons blithe and soft,
High up aloft,
From banishment these heralds bring,
These swallows, that along the air
Scud swift, and bear
Glad tidings of the merry spring.

April, the hawthorn and the eggplantine,
Purple woodbine,
Streak'd pink, and lily-cup, and rose,
And thyme, and marjoram, are spreading,
Where thou art treading,
And their sweet eyes for thee unclose.

The little nightingale sits singing aye
On leafy spray,
And in her fitful strain doth run
A thousand and a thousand changes,
With voice that ranges
Through every sweet division.

April, it is when thou dost come again,
That love is fain
With gentlest breath the fire to wake,
That cover'd up and slumbering lay,
Through many a day,
When winter's chill our veins did slake.

Sweet month, thou seest at this jocund prime
Of the spring-time,
The hives pour out their lusty young,
And hear't the yellow bees that ply,
With laden thigh,
Murmuring the flowery wilds among.

May shall with pomp his wavy wealth unfold,
His fruits of gold,
His fertilising dews, that swell
In manna on each spike and stem,
And, like a gem,
Red honey in the waxen cell.

Who will, may praise him; but my voice shall be,
Sweet month, for thee;
Thou that to her dost owe thy name,
Who saw the sea-wave's foamy tide
Swell and divide,
Whence forth to life and light she came."

THE MISERABLE CLASSES.

THE residuum of unutterable wretchedness which exists at the bottom of nearly all our large city populations, is beginning to attract the attention it deserves. We have received a letter respecting that of Glasgow, from Mr George Greig, travelling secretary to the Association for the Protection of Young Females, who has recently visited Scotland for the first time, in the course of a tour for the purpose of establishing provincial auxiliaries to the society of which he is an officer. Conceiving that the judgment of a stranger on this subject may be useful, we gladly give admission to Mr Greig's remarks:—

"Whilst lately on a visit to Glasgow, engaged in a most important and benevolent mission, I was so painfully impressed by the glaring contrast presented by the social condition of different portions of its vast population, that I determined, on my departure, to seek, through the medium of your Journal, for an opportunity to bring before the attention of the right-thinking part of the community some of the fearful evidences which have so powerfully operated upon my own mind. In the following statement of facts, I am not at all led by a desire to select Glasgow as a place especially distinguished by such scenes, believing as I do that, to a slight extent, that city is equalled by most of the large manufacturing towns of England; whilst I have no doubt facts of a similar character might be obtained in all the large towns of Scotland; and, from actual observation, I know that Edinburgh presents similar scenes to an almost equal extent. I have been induced, however, thus to publish the result of my personal investigations in Glasgow, because, from a knowledge of the enlarged Christian benevolence which actuates many of her citizens, I have a well-founded hope that, possessing as they do the means of lessening, if not of eradicating, the great evil of which the following narration presents but a faint though truth-telling picture, they will proceed to the employment of some effectual remedy.

The first miserable feature of the social condition of Glasgow that particularly drew my attention, was the constant prowling about of boys and girls, from six or eight to fifteen or sixteen years of age, in small groups of from six to ten persons, who are to be met with, in all parts of the city, morning, noon, and night, without any ostensible occupation, not even begging, but literally dragging on a most miserable existence; living in the streets by day, and, when completely wearied, at night resting upon the common stairs, or in areas. I conversed with some of these destitute younglings, and found that most of them were fatherless, some without both parents; that very few, if any, had been employed in factories, so that want of trade could not account for their being in that situation; in fact, they appear, from all I could learn, either from themselves or from the police, to be a constantly accumulating portion of the population of Glasgow, who live by begging when they can, and stealing when they do not beg; and who have no other prospect at present before them but a life of crime, or an early death through destitution. From my frequent meetings with these youthful sons and daughters of want, I was led to inquire of Captain Miller, the intelligent and active Superintendent of Police at Glasgow, whether what had so forcibly struck me was of recent or casual occurrence; and he informed me it was only an evidence of a part of the fearfully increasing destitution in Glasgow, of which I might obtain additional proof by visiting the police buildings, and by personal examination of the houses and habits of the residents in some of the crowded parts of the city. To give myself still more proof of the startling fact which had already unsettled my enthusiastic notions of the unequalled moral condition of the Scottish people, I attended at seven o'clock one morning at the police buildings, and there counted one hundred and three unfortunates, who had been picked up the previous night by the police from the streets and common stairs, having no other home or abiding place. More than three-fourths of these were girls, from twelve to twenty years of age; the remainder, with a few exceptions of older women, being lads about the same age. On the same day I visited the Night Asylum, where a refuge is provided for the houseless poor, and in which from sixty to seventy inmates find, some a temporary, others a more permanent shelter. From the police buildings I went (accompanied by a policeman in plain clothes) to some of the crowded neighbourhoods, where the poorer part of the population of Glasgow herd together, and endure their most miserable exist-

ence—a living reproach upon their fellow-citizens. Your readers would little thank me, were I to unfold at length the sickening details of the fearful compound of vice and filth, disease and wretchedness, which I met with at every step in the Vennel, Havannah Street, New and Old Wynd, &c. &c. I shall therefore content myself with mentioning but a few of the facts gathered by me in those stagnant sinks of misery and miasma, which must serve as types of hundreds of similar instances which the observer of the dreadful condition of the inhabitants of these localities could furnish himself with.

We first visited a small court, leading from the New Vennel, and there, in several rooms, not exceeding ten feet by eight, I counted as many as seven persons of both sexes, in many instances without either protection, or covering from the cold ground, except the miserable rags upon their backs. In some places the inmates were lying upon stones, and a piece of sacking, or other covering, appeared a luxury. The herding together of both sexes must act with a fearfully demoralising effect, and was evidenced in a number of cases, where we found boys and girls associated as man and wife. In one room, but little larger than a mere closet, we found a young woman, apparently about seventeen or eighteen years of age; and in the corner, upon the floor, was huddled beneath a sack another figure, which, on lifting the sack, we found to be a boy, who, upon being questioned, gave his name, and declared his age to be only fourteen years; this, the policeman told me, was a well-known young thief. The effluvia from these places was most oppressive, and it was not a little increased by the means which seem to be employed throughout all these miserable districts for carrying away their slops, &c., from their rooms—namely, an open trough at each window, down which is poured all sorts of filth. As little pains are taken either to pour the whole of such refuse into the trough, or to cleanse the trough after it has been used, there gradually accumulates, at each window, a heap of the most disgusting nuisances; and while this exists within doors, the want of drainage without, and the constant recurrence of open receptacles into which all the troughs empty themselves, with the utter impossibility for a current of fresh air to pass through these crowded lairs, make the atmosphere almost, without a figure, thick with pestilence.

In going from the Vennel into Havannah Street, we went by the side of 'the Burn,' a stream which, even at this wet season, was green with putridity; the houses (or dens) by its side seem to be, if possible, worse than the neighbourhood I had just left. I crawled into some of them, for the entrances were little more than three or four feet in height, and found that dampness here increased all the evils which the poor residents in these places shared in common with their neighbours. The ground floor is slightly higher than the bed of the 'Burn,' and when that stream rises a little in height, the water must find its way through the earthen floors of these rooms; but when, as is sometimes the case, the 'Burn' overflows its banks, the whole of these miserable tenements must be almost instantly flooded, and the inhabitants run great danger of being drowned. In the dark places in Havannah Street, I found cases of equal destitution and want, rendered the more striking from their being in the immediate vicinity of the college—the residents in which cannot open a window without inhaling the dreadful atmosphere arising from these last harbourages of misery. In one room in this neighbourhood, we found a poor girl lying upon the floor, who told us she had been there for thirteen months with a sore leg, which almost prevented her from moving; and she had thus been subsisting upon the charity of the other occupants of the same dwelling, who, though scarcely less miserable than herself, could not see a fellow-creature die before their eyes, without sharing their poor pittance with her. We asked this wretched creature whether she had been visited in that time by any minister? She answered, No. By any elder? No. By the town's surgeon? Alas! he had come to visit another inmate of that dwelling, but having no orders to visit her, left her to suffer from her festering sores.

We then went to the wynds and closes upon the south side of Trongate and Argyle Street, and there found cases quite parallel in want, misery, dirt, and disease, to those we had just left, with occasional instances of similar charity towards such as were a little worse (if possible) than the rest. There we met, upon one common stair, with two girls, and, at the top of the stair, with a man, who, we were told, had crawled there early in the morning, as he said, to die; and, truly, he did not seem to be far from death. One of the girls told me that she had slept upon that stair every night, for three weeks past, having no other home.

In the Old Wynd, among many places of a similar character, and to which the description of the places in the Vennel will equally apply, we went into one room, about twelve or thirteen feet by seven, in which we counted fifteen living human beings, without bedding of any kind, crowded together, to keep each other warm. I was much struck by the strange exclamation of one of the women, 'God had need to be very mindful of us!'—for, truly, I thought, their fellow-creatures, and fellow-citizens, seemed to mind them but little.

I could extend these most painful details to a great length, but I trust I have already shown enough to arrest the attention of the well-thinking people of

Glasgow; and having thus faithfully pointed out some of the dark evidences of the evil, I will endeavour, on another occasion, to suggest a remedy."

LEAMINGTON SPA.

LETTER FROM A VISITER.

A QUARTER of a century ago, Leamington was an obscure unnoticed village; now, it contains 14,000 inhabitants, many very handsome public buildings, broad elegant streets, splendid hotels, and baths, boarding-houses, libraries, news-rooms, conveyances of all kinds, and conveniences of every possible description. The scenery around is beautiful. Rich meadows and corn-fields, with noble trees dotting the hedge-rows, and here and there clumps, larger or less, of the famous oaks and beeches of Warwickshire, make up what is called in common phrase "a charming country." The muddy, sleepy, little river Leam crawls through the valley, adding little to its beauty, except when at a distance the sunlight falls through the rich masses of foliage upon its bosom, when it serves as well as a finer river to reflect the beams, and produce a species of beauty which only river and wood scenery can exhibit. You must recollect, in order to understand the character of Leamington, that it lies in a country very famous in the most romantic times of our history—that Warwick, with its castle, called by Sir Walter Scott "that fairest monument of ancient and chivalrous splendour which yet remains uninjured by time"—and Kenilworth, with all its romance—and Stratford-on-Avon, with its still deeper and more abiding interest—surround the place, and impart something of their character to it. In the heart of "merrie England," associated as this part of the country is, in the minds of us North Britons, with all the superstitions and fine mellow old jovial customs of our ancient writers—with the May-pole and the Christmas carol—the stout October ale, and Puck and Robin Goodfellow, and the "mistle-toe bough," and many a "Midsummer Night's Dream" of fairies and witches—and ten thousand other frolics and fanciful recollections—one feels here really in England—the England of Shakespeare and Milton—the England that grew the oaks that built the ships that conquered the world—"merrie England," "old England"—our fatherland! The idea of being in this time-hallowed country, in the very heart of this heart of the world, gives me very great pleasure, made up of indefinable sentiments and from indefinable causes—all of which, however, have reference to a love of country and a pleasant mellow influence from our old poetry. But I forget this is a watering-place, and, after all, not a proper theme to awaken imaginative or enthusiastic emotions. To keep to our statistics, then, and guide-book descriptions.

The houses in Leamington are well built, and look clean and handsome—made of brick, the dark brick of Warwickshire, coated over with cement, so as to resemble stone. Although the general effect produced is that of cleanliness and elegance, still the damp marks on the stucco, and the cracks and flaws made by time, unless the coating is kept very perfect, spoil the appearance to me; and I should almost rather see the honest plain brick than all this starched and painted gentility. Some very elegant houses there are in the Elizabethan style, both small and large, the sweetest places I ever saw; and I am resolved, as soon as I can afford to build a house, to have a handsome cottage like some of those here, placed in a garden, with comfortable gable-ends, and quaint windows and doorway, and chimneys running from the ground in the shape of ancient pilasters, &c. They are very commodious and comfortable in the inside, I am told, and are really very charming without. There are plenty of churches here, some of them very handsome. The Baptists and Independents have also very neat places of worship.

The baths and pump-rooms are very well—nothing very extraordinary, but well managed; half a pint of water at 8 o'clock, walk in the garden—half a pint again at a quarter past 8, another walk—such is the routine. The waters are principally saline, gently aperient; but there are some sulphureous like Middleton, and one or two chalybeate. The saline waters, however, are the staple; and for the rich, high-fed, and plethoric frequenters of the place, must, together with moderate diet, in general produce beneficial effects. The walks round the neighbourhood and in the town are very pleasant, the streets being broad and regular, the flagging ample and dry, the shops attractive, but the wares somewhat high. Every thing, of course, is done here to attract visitors, and to minister to their comfort. No sweep is allowed to walk on the pavement; if a man's chimney takes fire, he is fined by the commissioners; and any nuisance is promptly and severely punished. Fireworks and exhibitions of divers kinds in the gardens amuse the company in fine weather, and concerts and theatrical exhibitions of various kinds (though there is no regular theatre here) are ready to help the visitor off with his time.

You don't meet so many invalids here as I should have expected. Pale-faced ladies and wretched-looking men in Bath chairs you do here and there encounter, but, on the whole, I think the great mass of disease that seeks Leamington is a very tolerable, out-of-door, bathing, water-drinking, sight-seeing, sort of ailment

—young fellows knocked up with too much town dissipation—older gentlemen with jolly round red noses—and middle-aged ones with bloated faces and elephantine legs; or, young ladies wan and chalky—older ones with a withering bloom and jaunty step; or decidedly aged, comfortable dames, with marks of good living on their faces, who spend half their lives in Leamington, and the other half in Bath, for the sake of luxury and "the waters." I don't like to see tall, lounging, young fellows, from twenty to thirty, "flag-hopping" down the Parade, with quizzing-glasses and canes, staring at the ladies, and emitting now and then an inane laugh; in fact, I know no sight more thoroughly contemptible than a group of these poor, worthless, useless, young men, brought up to be of no earthly value to society, and insulting the community, which their very presence disgraces. But I do like to see the very handsomely dressed and elegant women, neat and lady-like from top to toe, languidly sliding, or coquettishly tripping, up and down the Parade, in a sunny morning at three o'clock in the afternoon, as Paddy says. These lady-birds are here at home; and the absence of every thing like usefulness about their lives and appearance, which is intolerable in the great, lazy, hulking men, is quite as it should be in the women. Certainly, the way of walking now in fashion among young ladies is of somewhat questionable propriety; the chest being far too much projected, and the walk itself something a little worse than affected. For my part, I am beginning, I find, to admire the middle-aged (I mean the young middle-aged) ladies most now—a quiet, composed, collected, somewhat dignified manner, with a correctness in dress gathered from experience, and a comeliness that the enjoyment of domestic affection breathes over them; this is my style of beauty.

You may say of Leamington that it is essentially a genteel town; in the hunting season, which lasts all winter, it is crowded not only with invalids, old dowagers, and quiet luxurious people, but by many noble and wealthy families, who prefer it as a place of residence, and by sporting gentlemen, who find it a capital place for combining the luxury of a town life with field amusements. The Warwickshire Hunt has long been famous. I have only seen one bad coach, or vehicle of that nature, since I came, and that was the coach which brought me from the Hampton station to Leamington. The seats were all wet, and the inside generally was comfortless and shabby; three of the traces broke before we got started, so miserable was the harness; and the fare for coming eleven miles, in about two hours and a half, by this precious conveyance, was five shillings! How Leamington or the railway proprietors submit to such a state of things, is surprising. This was the only instance of the kind, however. The "flies," cars, barouches, phaetons, &c., which are to be seen in all the principal streets, are extremely neat; the post-boys generally ride on the single horse, their legs over the shafts, instead of sitting on the box, so that an unobstructed view may be had of the country—no contact with the coachman is necessary, and there is room, if need be, for a whole family.

The post-boys, quite different from our fellows, are neat and well bred—jockey caps and leather smalls, with top boots, and clear harness and carriages, being the order of the day: fare, two shillings an hour. The Bath chairs are neat and convenient, some of them very elegant, and run over the well-flagged streets as smoothly and smartly as possible: fare, one shilling an hour. It is well known that if a horse has a particle of "trot" in him, a butcher's boy will have it out. The only sight approaching to excitement in this quiet and orderly town, is a member of this fraternity, with his hat off and hair streaming behind, his blue frock fluttering, and his legs working in convulsions against the ribs of the broken-knee'd, vicious-looking hack, that, with ears laid back, and eyes glaring, and mane fluttering, and tail in a quiver and quake, scours down the Parade at sixteen miles an hour, the rider leaning far over to one side of his Rosinante, in order to balance a huge, black-faced, dead sheep, or deer, whose legs stick out from the basket on the other. It would make an excellent picture. I have no doubt in my own mind that these fellows are often fined for furious riding; but to keep a butcher's boy out of a hard trot would baffle all the commissioners in Leamington, and Dr J. to boot.

Having mentioned Dr J., I must give you a word or two on the subject, for no account of Leamington would be at all complete in which he did not cut a conspicuous figure. Dr J. is the idol of the place—number 1, letter A. I have just come from the baths; the whole of the gentlemen's side was occupied by military men—generals, colonels, and majors—all patients of Dr J. A public dinner is given to him every year as a mark of respect. When he left Leamington last year for a month, it is said the town was deserted; and I am told a petition was sent to him, on his return, begging him never to do so any more. He drives about in a one-horse barouche or phaeton, very light and work-like, and in every street he stops three or four times, pops into a house, and shortly after pops out again, popping a guinea into his pocket. He is seen every where. Between 12 and 2 o'clock, when he sees patients at home, his door is besieged by carriages, and many persons of distinction go away daily, not being able to see the great man. As you ramble about Leamington, you meet the doctor every

now and then; and in the dusk, as you come home, there you have the indefatigable mediciner wheeling away from an hotel or a nobleman's mansion, home, I presume, to his dinner. "Deuced bad, only thirty," meaning fees, the doctor was heard to say one day. "Thirty guineas a-day!" The common story is, that this gentleman realises an annual income of fourteen thousand a-year out of the consequences of the united hard labour and pampering of old England.

MR JAMESON ON NEW ZEALAND AND AUSTRALIA.

MR R. G. JAMESON proceeded to South Australia in June 1838, as surgeon-superintendent of "the Surrey" emigrant ship; and having been induced to spend some time in that colony and New South Wales, and to visit New Zealand, he has since his return given the result of his observations to the world in a handsome volume.* As the production of a well-educated man, possessing considerable powers of observation, and of a sober and moderate turn of mind, we consider it a book of some value to intending emigrants, besides having the advantage of being one of the latest reports on the subject. As we have already treated these colonies in a general manner on more than one occasion, we do not feel called upon to follow Mr Jameson in his observations upon them, a course which might result rather in dullness than in instruction. It will be better, we conceive, to present one or two passages of his book to which we find a particular interest attached.

After giving a detail of the inconveniences which befell the first Adelaide settlers on account of the want of "a survey," he proceeds to remark, that it is a mistake "to suppose that the possession of a considerable capital is indispensable to the success of a colonist. [Other qualities and circumstances being equal, we would suppose that a good capital was an advantage—but we shall let him go on.] On the contrary, it has been found, throughout the Australian colonies, that those who have eventually acquired the greatest estates, the greatest flocks and herds, or who have risen to the highest eminence as merchants, owed their success to the moral qualities of integrity and perseverance, or to a clear-sighted view of the circumstances of their situation, rather than to the original possession of capital."

He then gives the following case as an illustration:—"During my residence in South Australia, I became acquainted with a colonist, who had for many years been a shopkeeper in a small sea-port town in Scotland, where, as he assured me, the utmost parsimony was requisite to enable him to make the two ends of the year meet. Having a large and young family to establish and educate in the world, he was a type of that numerous class of men to whom the British islands, swarming with competitors in every pursuit, trade, and profession, afford no longer a tenable position. Emigration forced itself upon him, not as a matter of choice but of necessity; and having weighed well, on one hand, the lasting interests of his family, and, on the other, the inconvenience of moving, the breaking up of old acquaintances and settled habits, he finally resolved to emigrate. Preferring Australia to the American colonies, on account of its genial and delightful climate, as the field of his future efforts, and having by study become a convert to the South Australian principles of colonisation, Mr Cock obtained a passage for himself and family, and arrived in the colony by no means burdened with capital, or rather utterly unprovided with aught deserving of the name.

He entered into partnership with a countryman of his own, similarly situated; and having calmly surveyed the state of affairs in the colony, he resolved to begin business as a colonist in bullock-driving, at that period, and for some time afterwards, an extremely lucrative occupation. The carriage of goods of every kind, besides furniture and wooden houses, from the landing-places at Glenelg and the port to Adelaide, afforded a most abundant source of profit to those who were masters of one or more teams of bullocks; the average daily produce of one team being from three to four pounds.

In a few months Mr Cock and his partner had acquired a capital of two or three hundred pounds, part of which they invested in town allotments, and an eighty-acre section judiciously chosen at the foot

* New Zealand, South Australia, and New South Wales; a Record of Recent Travels in these Colonies, with especial reference to Emigration and the advantageous Employment of Labour and Capital. By R. G. Jameson, Esq. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1842.

of Mount Lofy, where the soil, consisting in general of a rich detritus, must be extremely productive in the average seasons. Their town sections rose rapidly in value; and a few small houses erected by Mr Cock upon his allotments, readily found tenants at a rent which constituted a yearly income of two hundred pounds.

He now found leisure, amidst his increasing occupations, to establish an auctioneer's business, which he carried on for some time with success, but finally abandoned, conceiving that more pleasing, if not more profitable, avocations might be found than that of being instrumental in the selling of property belonging to the necessitous and less successful of the community at a ruinous depreciation. He therefore limited his mercantile operations to the safe and profitable one of selling goods on commission.

Having purchased a few head of cattle, he established a dairy on his farm at the foot of Mount Lofy, the management of which devolved upon his partner, a practical farmer, whose wife possessed all the experience and activity necessary in their situation. When fresh butter was readily purchased in Adelaide at 3s. 6d. per pound, and eggs at 4s. per dozen (a Scotch farm-yard would be incomplete without poultry), it is evident that this undertaking would also be successful.

Encouraged by the high price of sawn and split timber, for building and fencing, Mr Cock carried his operations into the Stringy Bark Forest, where he employed a number of sawyers, splitters, and shingle cutters, who were paid at a rate which enabled them, individually, to earn from 20s. to 30s. per diem, if expert in their trade, and of sufficient strength to encounter its fatigues. It was of little consequence to the employer how much he paid his labourers, since the produce of their labour was an article absolutely indispensable to almost every man in the colony, and he could readily sell it at a profit, or use it himself, with great advantage, in building and fencing by contract.

The necessity of disbursing large sums weekly in the payment of wages, was an inconvenience; but Mr Cock's judicious operations were precisely of that description which it is the interest of a banking establishment to encourage and assist by every means not incompatible with the rules of systematic business. Between the operations of a bank, and the pursuits of spirited and judicious individuals, there exists a relation of mutual dependence and support. It is from the exertions and enterprise of such individuals that a community has its vital circulation. Their example encourages the timid and shames the indolent. Their operations cause a rapid accumulation of produce, a quickened circulation of money, an increased consumption of merchandise; and it is from them that business derives that tone of health and vigour in which a banking and discounting establishment reaps its amplest harvests.

It is here to be observed, that, like almost every man, throughout the Australian colonies who has risen from a humble condition to one of affluence, Mr Cock was constitutionally and habitually temperate—in short, a teetotaler. To abstinence from ardent spirits and all unnecessary stimulants, he unquestionably, in a great measure, owed his clear judgment, as well as a physical constitution capable of undergoing much hardship and fatigue.

It will readily be supposed, that in neatness and systematic management, his farm was surpassed by none in the colony. At this period, agriculture was to be considered as an experimental pursuit, and he, like other judicious colonists, conducted this part of his operations on a very limited scale. On his farm there was a space of two or three acres under a crop of maize, and a field was broken up for the reception of wheat. The maize was by no means equal to what I have subsequently seen in New Zealand, but it looked green and healthy, although the weather had recently been very dry. The soil and situation seemed to be well adapted for the culture of the vine, the orange, and the olive; and he informed me of his intention forthwith to cultivate the first-named plant, availing himself of the services of some of the German emigrants, who had just arrived in the colony. Whether or not he has carried his intentions into effect, and with what success, I have not been able to ascertain. He relied upon his dairy chiefly for the reimbursement of his farming outlay. In the neighbourhood there was abundance of fine kangaroo grass, which, at a small expense, he converted into hay and carted into Adelaide, where it was readily purchased at £12 per ton.

To conclude this lengthy but not perhaps uninteresting sketch, Mr Cock, who had struggled vainly for many years amidst the difficulties of a cheerless and precarious situation in Scotland, although endowd, in an eminent degree, with the clear and discerning faculties and the prudence which in all countries are most conducive to success in life, was thus, in less than two years from the date of his arrival in the colony, in the enjoyment of wealth, without having trespassed upon any hazardous, speculative, or discreditable pursuit. The presence of his father, and the whole of his kindred, who have subsequently joined him, will tend greatly to enhance the enjoyment of his well-earned independence.

The Bay of Islands is an extensive district in the northern part of the north island of New Zealand. It has long been partially and irregularly colonised,

and latterly has become highly distinguished in consequence of Governor Hobson making it his residence. We have from Mr Jameson some curious notices of the arrangements by which the civilised people in this district maintained social order before regular law was introduced. "At the period," he says, "of my arrival, it contained little more than fifty European dwellings—cottages of wood, white painted, with verandahs; a church of the same materials, but of larger dimensions; and a native *pa-o*, or village, consisting of about a hundred and fifty huts, enclosed by a high and strong fence. The presence of ten or twelve large ships, besides a fleet of small coasting craft, and open boats and canoes, plainly indicated that the place was already of some commercial importance, although as yet it recognised neither flag, law, nor government, and had neither a court of justice, a jail, nor a custom-house.

Kororadika, in the beginning of 1840, contained about three hundred European inhabitants, of all ages and sexes, exclusive of the numerous sailors whose nightly revels constituted the only interruption to the peace and harmony which usually prevailed. These gentry resorted, also, in great numbers to Pomare's village, in the inner anchorage, near the new township of Russell, where Pomare himself, the greatest chief of New Zealand, carried on the lucrative trade of grog-selling, besides another of a still more discreditable kind, for the convenience of his reckless customers—French, English, and American. Here might be seen the curious spectacle of a still savage chief enriching himself at the expense of individuals who, although belonging to the most civilised and powerful nations of the world, were reduced to a lower degree of barbarism by the influence of their unbridled licentiousness.

Hitherto no legal restraint upon crime or violence had existed in New Zealand. The authority of Mr Busby, the British resident, was merely nominal. That gentleman lived on the opposite shore of the Bay, at the distance of five miles, and his visits to Kororadika were few and far between; but had he lived in the heart of the settlement, he could have exerted no authority either to punish offenders or to settle disputes. The natives respected him as the representative of the British government; and among the Europeans he was rendered popular by his courteous and conciliatory deportment. His appointment, however, led in nowise to the maintenance of order, or the prevention of crime; and his interference in the affairs of individuals, without the power of enforcing his decisions, could have produced no satisfactory result.

Yet crimes, misdemeanours, and larcenies, were of remarkably rare occurrence; and in no part of the world were the persons or the property of individuals more secure than in this little settlement, within whose precincts no lawyer had ever yet shown his face. The stores were full of merchandise, to the value of between twenty and thirty thousand pounds. The merchants and grog-sellers were known to have in their possession large quantities of specie; nevertheless, the crimes of robbery and housebreaking were unknown and unfearful. Moreover, many commercial bills were in circulation, which were in every case duly honoured. In a word, no statements could be more widely at variance with truth than those which represented the Bay of Islands to be a nest of outlaws and criminals.

However ungenerous it may appear to throw a shadow of suspicion on this pleasing picture of primitive virtue and good conduct, yet it might, perhaps, be argued that the absence of crime and misdemeanours arose less from any aboriginal purity of heart and mind, than from the circumstance of the people being sensible that they were bound together by one common interest, and that the maintenance of social order was indispensable to the safety of their lives and property. Hence they effected this by the influence of a judicial association, the members of which, dispensing with the tedious and expensive forms of justice, scrupled not to act as constables, and to apprehend summarily the culprits they were to try. If, after as complete an inquiry as the circumstances admitted of, the accused was condemned, they then passed immediate sentence upon him, and forthwith proceeded to put in execution the punishment of banishment, preceded by the more dreadful operation of tarring and feathering. Having been stripped, and covered with an enduring coat of the proper materials, the prisoner was several times backwards and forwards along the beach, to the tune of the *Rogue's March*, and great was the joy with which the natives beheld this august ceremony. The culprit was then put into a canoe, and ordered to leave the beach of Kororadika, with the positive assurance that his reappearance in the neighbourhood would entitle him to a repetition of the same process. Resistance to the mandates of this tribunal was useless, for its members could, if necessary, call in the ready and willing assistance of the natives. Mercantile operations, therefore, were carried on to a considerable extent and with implicit confidence, and debts paid with scrupulous regularity. It was correctly assumed, that since every able-bodied member of the community could obtain a good subsistence with very little labour, no indulgence or mercy could be properly extended to those who gave way to criminal propensities. Were we to judge by facts, we might suppose that the summary processes of this species of Lynch law were more efficacious than regu-

lar tribunals; for in a few months after Captain Hobson had established his police court and petty sessions in the Bay of Islands, it was found that offences were committed, not only more frequently but of a graver nature than during the good old times."

STRANGE TRAITS OF RECENT TIMES.

THE remarkable characteristic of our country is unquestionably the boundless individual freedom, joined to the complete protection given to every personal right. Perhaps it is only the strength and prevalence of this noble feature of our land, which makes any occasional exception from it the more striking. However this may be, there cannot be any harm, but, on the contrary, much good, from pointing out a few traits of comparatively recent times, in which we see the leading principle, as it were, not fully firm or consolidated. The keeping of such traits in mind, may have the effect of more thoroughly assuring the consolidation of the principle of the sacredness of individual rights.

In the year 1807, three hundred French prisoners were kept in a small country house at Greenlaw, in Mid-Lothian, under the care of a company of soldiers. As these men occasionally made attempts to escape, very strict regulations were enforced for their secure keeping: in particular, there was a strict order that every light should be extinguished, and that the prisoners should be perfectly quiet, after nine o'clock at night. This was all very well; but, while such an order, and several of the like nature, were issued formally for the regulation of the prison, a verbal order was also handed down from one set of guards to another, to the effect that, if lights were seen and noises heard in the prisoners' apartments after nine, and if the sentinel, on calling out to them to obey the rules, found himself disobeyed, then he was to discharge his piece through the window. This order was in force for a considerable time, until at length a Captain Rowan, of the Stirlingshire militia, thought proper to mitigate it so far as to require that, before such a step was taken, the officer on guard should be called to judge as to its necessity. Soon after this regulation was made, about ten in the evening of the 7th of January of the year above mentioned, a noise was heard and lights observed by the sentinel in one of the rooms on the ground floor. The sentinel reported the circumstance to the sergeant, and the sergeant to the officer in the guard-house, a young ensign, who immediately repaired to the spot, and called twice in at the window to order the enforcement of the rules. No notice being taken of the order, the officer commanded the sentinel to fire in at the window. The man obeyed—missed fire—and was commanded again. He now fired, and the shot penetrated the body of a prisoner, by name Charles Cottier, who appears to have been at the time quiet in his bed, and who died of the wound next day.

The officer, who bore an excellent character, was subjected to a full and careful trial, when Mr (now Lord) Jeffrey exerted his eloquence in his defence; but he was found guilty of culpable homicide, and sentenced to nine months' imprisonment—the court being of opinion that, though he had an express order for what he did, the circumstances demanded the exercise of the discretionary power with which he was invested. The case is alluded to here, on account of the recklessness shown by such an order as to the life of men in the situation of prisoners of war, within the last thirty-five years.

A singular attack upon individual liberty occurred in the West Highlands in 1805. A poor Baptist preacher, settled in a meeting-house there, and who had once been a herring-curer, was preaching one Sunday on the beach to a small congregation, when a neighbouring gentleman, attended by a proper force, seized him and sent him to Greenock to the care of the officer superintending the press-force of that place. Not only was he not allowed to take leave of his family, but an interdict to recover his person and a writ of *habeas corpus* were successively defeated by the speed with which he was hurried from Greenock to Ireland, and from Ireland to a vessel in the Downs. The justice had heard some exaggerated story of his calling in question the lawfulness of war in his sermons, and, thinking this "seditious and immoral," had bethought him of bringing the press into force as a means of ridding the country of him, but without taking care to ascertain his own title to interfere. In reality, the whole extent of the powers of a justice with regard to the press was to give information of any suitable man in his neighbourhood, and protect the press party in its proceedings. The preacher, after enduring every hardship and indignity proper to his situation for six weeks, was liberated upon a petition to the Lords of the Admiralty, who at the same time gave him a protection for the future. He raised an action before the Court of Session, against the gentleman who had so strangely interfered with his liberty, and gained the cause with a hundred guineas damages, the lords, with one exception, taking strong views against the defendant, whom they could not admit to have acted in good faith in the case, in as far as he took an oblique way of getting quit of a man whom he supposed to be dangerous, though they readily owned that his intentions appeared to have been good.

So recently as 1790, the Lord Justice-Clerk, or supreme criminal judge of Scotland, asserted and acted upon a right, which he considered as inherent

in his office, to open any letters as they passed through the Edinburgh Post-office. On the 14th of April in that year, a gentleman who had been fatally victor in a duel, fled from justice, and was outlawed. A writer to the signet in Edinburgh, who had been his legal agent, receiving his rents from his land-steward, conducting a law-suit about a salmon-fishing, and so forth, was surprised, five days after, to receive his letters, five in number, through the medium of the Justice-Clerk, with the appearance of having been opened and resealed, and bearing on the exterior, in each instance, the words, "Opened and resealed by me, Robert Macqueen." The fact may appear difficult of belief; but, remote as the period now is, the agent still lives, and the present writer has actually seen several of the letters, bearing the above inscription. The gentleman immediately waited upon the judge, and remonstrated bitterly against an act so injurious to his feelings and to his interests; but was informed that there was sufficient authority for what had been done, and that Sir Thomas Miller, the preceding judge, and others at an earlier period, had constantly followed the same practice. It was persisted in next day with regard to an equal number of letters. The victim of this procedure was on this occasion alarmed respecting his wife, then about to be confined for the first time, fearing that her receiving any letters from her relations which had been so treated, might give her a dangerous shock; and on representing this to the Justice-Clerk, he obtained a promise from his lordship that no letters addressed to the lady would be so treated—the gentleman, however, giving his word of honour in return, that, should any such letters contain references to the duellist, they should immediately be handed to the judge! The agent took a protest against the proceedings of the Postmaster, and sent a memorial for the opinion of English counsel. Mr Scott, then Solicitor-General (afterwards Lord Eldon), gave a characteristically cautious opinion, but upon the whole concluded that the act of the Justice-Clerk was without legal grounds. Mr Thomas Erskine pronounced at once that the judge was liable in terms of the Post-office act of Queen Anne, in a penalty of £20 for every one of the letters opened. However, the complaints of the agent never went farther. Thereafter, when playing at whist with the Justice-Clerk in private society, he was accustomed to remind him of this debt, and when he was the loser, would tell his lordship that he would write off the matter in his post-office account.

We shall not of course be supposed to draw these traits of past times into notice from any feeling unfavourable to the parties whose conduct was amiss. We thoroughly believe that all of these parties acted with what they conceived to be good intentions; or, if not in any one instance, it may be hoped that time has brought better views and better feelings. We only wish to illustrate that spirit of particular eras, under which individuals are always more or less liable to act. The two first anecdotes tend to show the moral effects of a state of war: let us add to them the not less remarkable fact, that, so lately as the end of the reign of George II., a man taken up on the streets of Edinburgh for swearing (a vice indulged in by every gentleman of that age) was next day shipped by the magistrates on board a tender in Leith Roads! It cannot be sufficiently impressed on the minds of the humbler class of people, how severely war always presses upon them. They are generally the most easily induced to look favourably on a proposal to have a war, and yet are those whose comfort is most invaded by the horrible scourge.

LIFE IN UPPER MISSOURI.

In the last volume of the Journal (Nos. 474 and 476), we gave extracts from some letters written by a young person engaged in the trade of peltry-collecting in the Upper Missouri territory in North America. They presented a lively and striking picture of a life spent in the most complete abstraction from society, and varied only by adventures with savages and wild animals. Another letter, written by the same individual in May 1841, gives some even more forcible sketches of existence in Upper Missouri. He describes himself as having been promoted to the charge of his fort, which is the remotest of a chain on the Missouri River, and as performing this duty in a dress resembling that of Robinson Crusoe, yet always maintaining robust health and high animal spirits.

The occurrence of a prairie storm in the summer of 1840, gives occasion for the following modestly related anecdote of a presence of mind sharpened by a continual exposure to danger amongst unfriendly Indians:—"I used always," he says, "to sleep in one of the bastions, it being cooler and more free from vermin than the rooms, and safer in case of accidents. I went up about eight o'clock, and sat down smoking my pipe by one of the ports. The evening had been oppressively hot, and about this time the sky in some places was black as pitch. In a short time it was black round and round; the clouds descended till they appeared almost to touch the ground; the atmosphere was close and suffocating. I remarked to an American, that, if I mistook not, we were going to have a fearful night. The words were scarcely out of my mouth, when I heard like a low moaning sound among the ravines. Presently the gale commenced, accompanied by the loudest thunder, the most vivid lightning, and the heaviest rain, I ever saw. It shook the bastion to its foundation. We ran down; I lost

my hat in crossing the fort; and by the lightning I could see our flag-staff bend like a willow. I went into my room and lighted a candle, the hurricane still continuing; I heard something fall, and thought it was the old bastion. I tried to get out to see; and after being fairly driven back four times by the wind and rain, I got out and found about two hundred feet of my pickets flat on the ground. This, you may guess, was a bad mess. I called all hands, however, and told them we must remain in the breach till morning; and if any Indians appeared, we could make a breastwork with the fallen pickets. About midnight, however, it cleared off. I got spades and picks, and set to digging a trench two feet deep; and so hard did we work, that we had them all on end again about daylight, and made them the same height as the others with old planks. We had scarcely finished, when a large war party of Blackfeet arrived on their way to the Crows. There is no saying what might have been the consequences, had they come and found us so exposed as we were by the falling of the outer defences; for they are a bad set."

"I may now," he continues, "give you a sketch of boat-voyaging on the Missouri. You say in your last letter you would like to try it as a novelty, but you would find it confoundingly rough work, and eke annoying. How would you like sometimes to be stopped three and four days in the same campment, lying by a fire in the woods, or snoring it off in a lodge, Indian fashion; and sometimes forced to put ashore, when wood is scarce and little shelter to be had, in a high north wind, and the snow like to take the skin off your face! All that and much more has he to undergo, who tries voyaging on the Upper Missouri. But that is nothing to a *voyageur*. By and by the weather gets better, the fires begin to blaze, the kettles to boil; and after stowing away a few pounds of meat, and smoking a pipe, contentment and good humour resume their reign, and all former sufferings and privations are forgotten. In my last letter I gave you a long account of my trip down from my post to Fort Union in a canoe, accompanied by one man only, and he old and frail. It was rather a dangerous voyage; but, thank God, it ended well, as you must now know. On this occasion, however, the case was different; for I had, instead of one companion, at least thirty-five or forty, and off we went 'right merrily.' We started on the 3d of April 1841, from Fort Mackenzie for Fort Union, with the returns, consisting of 1108 packs of robes, and a good many packs of other peltries; in all, about 1136 packs, in one 'keel' and three mackinaw boats—this being my first trip on water in this country in a large boat—the whole under charge of Mr C., one of the partners: I was second in command. We made a very good stretch the first day, and camped at night very much fatigued. The morning of the 4th was bitter cold, and nearly a foot of snow had fallen during the night. It continued to blow a gale, accompanied with heavy snow; so that we had a lodge put up, which we brought with us in case of our being unable to travel, and remained quite snug the whole day. On the morning of the 5th we started, although it was bitterly cold, and proceeded very well till about eleven o'clock, when the keel got fast aground in a rapid. Freezing as it was, all the men had to get into the water, where they wrought about five hours, but could not get her off. I went below to where the small boats had put ashore, and had one of them unloaded, and sent her to take out part of the load of the keel, after which we got her off. Four or five of the men were seized with violent cramp, owing to being too long in the water. The day was as cold as any I ever felt in Scotland. Early on the morning of the 6th, we commenced reloading the mackinaw, and started; weather still cold. We had not proceeded far when one of the mackinaws got aground. We had to put ashore with the other boats, and send all hands to get her off. It was so late before we could succeed in this, that we could not start again; but had to commence unloading a small boat that had got damaged in the morning. During the night it snowed very hard. The water was, however, baled out of the unloaded boat in the morning; and after stopping the leaks, we reloaded her with all expedition, the weather looking very dull. We had not finished covering the load, when the snow again commenced. Mr C. and I had our lodge put up, as, owing to the snow and cold, we could not start that day. Here we remained till the 10th, the weather as cold and severe as any we had the whole winter. Fortunately, I had some books and a pack of cards, with which Mr C. and I whiled away the time. You can have no idea how annoying it is to be laid past in this manner. Every day seemed a week; and as I had to see all the boats attended to, I never had dry feet half an hour in the day. During this time, the snow fell upwards of two feet in depth.

We made a start on the morning of the 10th, in spite of the cold, which was piercing. I saw two large bears after we started. We had not proceeded far when the keel boat got hard and fast aground; the mackinaws, however, passed. After trying in vain to get her off, until the men could stand no longer in the water, I went in the yawl with all hands, and had one of the mackinaws unloaded, and took out part of the cargo of the keel; this lightened her, and we got her off; reloaded her and the mackinaw the same evening, and went a little below where there was timber, and camped for the night. Many of the men had their legs dreadfully swollen with the cold water.

We started on the 11th, and put ashore at the head of a rapid to examine if there was enough of water to pass, but found the keel would have to be partly unloaded. We were two days getting all the boats over this cursed place, one of them being so much damaged that she had to be unloaded, and hauled high and dry to be repaired. Here the country has in many places a curious appearance, the river being hemmed in by precipices on each side, which have been washed by the rains into every shape; they have the appearance of the ruins of an old cathedral in some places, in others of fortifications, whilst here and there the appearance of old walls would make a person think that more than nature had a hand in the formation. There is one large rock called the Citadel, which stands jutting into the river not less than 300 feet in height, and another at a little distance which very much resembles Pitt's Monument in Edinburgh; but owing to the inclemency of the weather, I did not much enjoy the rugged scenery, which is here and there enlivened by a band of bighorn, hanging, as it were, on the brow of the precipice, and regarding us securely as we glide past far below them. We started again on the 13th, but had not proceeded above three miles when we were forced to put ashore owing to the high wind; here we remained all day. Some of our men went to hunt, but were rather unsuccessful. Starting again on the morning of the 14th, we passed Arrow River, but had gone only a short distance, when a mackinaw got aground. We put ashore to wait for her, but before we could get her off, the wind began to blow so hard that we could not again start that day. I played cards and read to kill time. 15th—Started early, and passed the Judith River. This is a place where the Crows generally cross to steal horses from the Blackfeet. There is plenty of timber here for the purpose of concealment, and every point is full of Indian forts, in one of which Mr C. and I took up our quarters, having been again forced to put ashore on account of the wind. We remained here during the rest of the day. 16th—Up and off by peep of day, but had to put ashore in consequence of the wind, which detained us till late in the afternoon; when we again started, and passed the rapids of Holmes and Rondin, on the latter of which one of the boats got aground: it was nearly dark when we got her off, so we camped at the foot of the rapid for the night. We are now fairly in what the voyageurs call the *Mauvaise Terre*; the precipices rise abruptly on each side of the river to a tremendous height, and are washed into a great many curious shapes, intersected by deep gloomy ravines which run far back; there are a few stunted pines here and there, which in their appearance harmonise well with the dismal character of the place. Here, also, we saw large bands of bighorn, but they are very poor at this season."

Several other days passed in a similar manner, no one without some unpleasant accident; and when they had been out fifteen, they had only proceeded as far as one could easily have ridden in two. On the morning of the 5th of May, amidst stormy and wintry weather, they started from the neighbourhood of a place called the Round Hill. To continue the journal of the young trader—"We passed immense bands of buffalo to-day, and saw the work of the beaver in our last camp. They had about two hundred trees cut down, as neatly as if chopped by an axe, some of them as thick as my body. We kept on making a little each day till the 11th, on the evening of which day we arrived at Fort Union, having been no less than thirty-nine days on our trip."

The following is his account of his companions:—"The voyageurs are generally either Canadians or French creoles. Some few are of other countries, but none are equal to the first mentioned, either for enduring the hardships and fatigues of a voyage, or the changes of the weather. Uncle Toby speaks of 'our army in Flanders' as something considerable in the way of swearing; but Marlborough's men must have been sober Christians in comparison with our voyageurs. They are always worst when engaged in rough work. They are, as might be expected, woefully ignorant, and scarcely one can read a single word. One would think that, from the nature of their occupations, they would be unhealthy; but that is not the case; for, with the exception of rheumatism from being obliged to go so frequently and in all seasons into cold water, they seldom have any disease. Indigestion is certainly not one of their complaints; the quantity they eat is enormous. Some of them, when we were lying by in consequence of the bad weather, would cook and eat from morning till night. One day I particularly observed an old Canadian of the name of Mallet; he first discussed about three pounds of meat roasted on the fire like a steak; he had hardly finished that when the cook of the large boat called the men to breakfast; there he ate as much boiled meat as would have served you for three days at least, drank about a gallon of the *brou*, and then put the marrow-bone of a bull and about another pound of meat to the fire to be cooking, whilst he cut a pipe of tobacco and smoked it. I saw him the same day eat two more marrow-bones and nearly a whole goose, besides taking his share of the meat. But there are few of them a bit better; it is incredible what they can stuff into themselves. Though growling is a part of their nature, they are very respectful to their superiors; they make themselves upon such free and easy terms, as would to you appear pretty much like forwardness. The moment their fatigues and sufferings are over,

the fire kindled, and plenty to eat, they are as happy as princes. There is a continual chattering and laughing among them, and frequent songs. Some of their boat-songs are very pretty, and they roar them out manfully to the stroke of their oars.

THE PIRATE.

[From the *Manx Liberal*.]

By the time that the several dispositions ordered by the captain had been made, the stranger, a beautiful brig, had approached within long gunshot. We (that is, officers and passengers) were congregated upon the poop deck, in anticipation of momentarily receiving an iron summons to round to. This, however, did not appear to be part of the unknown's policy; and whilst he was fast drawing ahead, Macsawney, who carried on the duties of the ship as if she floated unquestioned mistress of the blue expanse, ordered eight bells (having taken the sun) to be struck, and invited his passengers to partake their customary meridian. They were in the act of descending, when Boy reported that the brig, having given a broad yaw to leeward, showed Spanish colours at her peak. These were scarcely set ere they were dipped, an indication that it was their wish to speak us. The atrocities which have degraded Spain's once imperial banner, coupled with the rakish loom of the stranger, and our proximity to the Cape de Verd Islands, the favourite resort of the lawless, caused us to survey him with a curiosity in which apprehension was not slightly mingled. Our doubts and fears were in course of speedy solution, for the self-styled Spaniard had now lessened his distance to a couple of hundred yards. A more exquisite hull it was impossible to look upon—long, low, and of exceeding beam—the bow round as an apple, with a cutwater sharp as a wedge, from which projected a female figure-head of the most graceful proportions. Every line was symmetry itself—her bottom beautifully moulded, her copper bright as burnished gold, and her run clean and fine as the heels of a racer; in short, the very model of what an English nobleman's yacht should be. The capacity might amount to some three hundred tons. The beauty of the hull was fully equalled by the gear aloft, which was taunt, tapering, and well set up; the lower mast was clean-scraped and bright varnished, with long heads painted white. He carried courses, topsails, with a slab reef to make them stand better, top-gallant sails, fore-topmast staysail, jib-boom mainsail, a thundering ringtail, fore-topmast and fore-top-gallant studding sails; his royal yards were sent down, and his flying jib-boom hoisted. All his yards were remarkably square, his canvases well cut, and it was impossible to surpass the light airy tracery of his taper masts, with all their mazy lines of superincumbent cordage. As we approximated, we gave our meteor flag to the breeze—his Spanish ensign still floating at his peak. His lovely craft was in perfect command, and having drawn a little before our lee beam, he immediately hailed. "Ship, ahoy!" "Hallo!" responded Macsawney. "What ship's that?" "The Saucy Sally. What brig's that?" "The Vomito Pietro," was the answer. "Where are you from?" "The Cape of Good Hope." "Heave to—heave to! I have intelligence to communicate." "Ay, ay," sang out Mac. "Cheerily, my lads; round in the weather main and topsail braces. Foretop there! down top-gallant stun'sail; in with big Ben; clap on the topmast stun'sail downbail! That's it—with a will, men. So—o! Man royal and skysail clue-lines!" In a surprisingly short space the Saucy Sally was reduced to top and top-gallant sails, jib and spanker, the fore and main course hanging in the brails. The Vomito Pietro was still under sail, although, while our ship was obeying her injunctions, she had hauled up so sharp in the wind as not only to deaden her way, but to drop a short distance astern. Perceiving our main-topmast to the mast, he once more ranged within hailing distance. "Ship, ahoy! Send a boat aboard of me, d'ye hear?" "Brig, ahoy!" shouted Mac. "No boat of mine leaves this ship. If you have any thing to communicate, send your own boat." "Send your boat this instant, sir, or I'll fire into you." "Blaze away," sang out the imperturbable Scotsman. "Down on the deck, lads; you shall pepper him by and by."

A pause ensued; the vessels gradually separated; the Vomito Pietro hove to some sixty yards forward of the Sally's lee beam, and, without further ceremony, exchanged the Spanish ensign for the skull and marrow-bones. At this moment both vessels had nearly lost steerage way, the wind having fallen dead calm.

"We must be guided by circumstances," said the captain, addressing us; "but in no case must we allow them to obtain a footing upon our decks. Better go to the bottom like men than be flung into it like dogs. He will no doubt seek to board under cover of his long guns. Let him try; but do not, I implore you, throw away a shot until each of you is sure of his man: every one they lose adds to our chance of escape."

The captain was right in his conjecture, for scarcely had he ceased speaking, ere the Vomito, apparently satisfied with reconnoitring, launched both her quarter-boats full of men. No sooner had they touched the water, than they sent forth a wild yell, to which, as a fitting accompaniment, the roar of their long eighteen opened its deadly throat, happily without any material injury resulting. Emboldened by the non-return of fire, the boats, after a brief conference under the Vomito's stern, commenced pulling, making somewhat of a sweep, apparently with the design of assailing the Saucy Sally on either quarter.

"Divide yourselves," continued the watchful and indefatigable Mac; "but, above all, be cool—be steady. Ah!" he exclaimed, rubbing his hands with great delight, "it would be a noble chance. I'll try it, by George! at the worst it can but fail. Look alive, a hand or two; ease off the weather and haul in the lee main braces; there's a cat's-paw aloft; the ship already feels it, and there will be more ere long. Jump aft, O'Donoghue;

take the wheel; run the pirate alongside; and, d'ye mind me, let every mother's son of ye, as he wishes to see kith and kin again, pay the strictest attention to my commands."

Circumstances had indeed altered the Scotchman's plans. At the very moment he was endeavouring to give a warm reception to the five-and-twenty or thirty wretches, armed to the teeth, fast approaching in the pirate's cutters—at that very moment a light air swelled the Saucy Sally's sails. Like other tropical flaws, this air was extremely partial, and did not yet extend to the Vomito, which lay a motionless log on the water. Freshening in its course, at length it struck the guilty brig, but too late to save her from the grapple of the Saucy Sally, who was already speeding under its full influence. Two minutes sufficed to lay her alongside, but few more to pour her restless crew upon the corsair's decks; and, whilst the main body battled the astonished ruffians, one or two secured the helm, and got the brig before the wind—Saucy Sally bearing her faithful company, her passenger riflemen picking off the banditti with surprising accuracy. Discomfited on every hand, the survivors hurried below, leaving their trophy in the Sally's power. The boats, meanwhile, foiled almost in the moment of possession, rowed with all the energy of despair; but the breeze had once more set in strong and steady, and both the Saucy Sally and the Vomito were dropping them fast. Their maniac yells rent the air—the water flashed under the fury of their strokes, and the boats were urged onwards with a strength almost superhuman. At the moment when hope must have been all but dead within them, the Vomito suddenly hove up in the wind's eye. Could it be? Had the merchantman failed, and were their comrades victors? They paused upon their oars, joining company, as if to ponder the course proper to be pursued. Brief was the space permitted for consideration. A splash, a stunning report, and an iron shower, sped its fatal flight, dashing their splintered oars from their nerveless grasp—scattering, with one crash, the dying and the dead, with the shattered skiffs that bore them, in ruined fragments upon the devouring deep! One instant, and the welkin rang with the howl of despairing fiends; another, and nought was heard save the faint and passing struggle of mortal agony—fearful but just retribution! Their own trusted weapons had been turned upon themselves; and O'Donoghue, by the month of their boasted Long Tom, had sped them unannealed to their account.

SPRING IS COMING!

BY CAMILLA TOULMIN.

Spring is coming! Joyous spring!
See, the messengers that bring
Tidings, ev'ry heart to cheer,
That her advent bright is here
See, the many-colour'd train,
Peeping up on glads and plain—
Crocuses, and snow-drops white,
Struggle into sunny light,
And the violet of blue,
And the valley's lily too.
I could dream their fairy bells
Ring a merry chime that tells
Spring is coming!—and when they
Faint, and fade, and fall away,
'Tis, that long by winter nursed,
Their full hearts with joy have burst.

At the tidings that they bring,
"Spring is coming! welcome spring!"
Children we of northern skies,
Most her loveliness do prize—
Most, with longing hearts, we yearn
For her swift and sure return;
We who know the sullen gloom,
When the earth is nature's tomb;
Well may we with heart and voice,
At the sweet spring-tide rejoice.

Dwellers in more genial climes,
Not for you these passing rhymes;
Ye can never understand
The contrasts of our northern land.
Ye are not so great and wise,
Ye have lowlier destinies
Than the children of a zone
Where the wintry blasts are known.
But gaunt famine doth not stride
By the proud and wealthy's side;
There ye see not little feet
Press upon the frozen street,
While the infant's tearful eye
Tells its tale of misery.
When in curtain'd, lighted hall,
What to you that snow-flakes fall?
When beside the blazing log,
What to you is frost or fog?
When on down your limbs ye stretch,
Think ye of the homeless wretch?
To the poor it is that spring
Doth her richest treasures bring;
And methinks that I do hear
Countless voices, far and near,
Joining in a grateful strain,
"Spring is come at last again!"

March 4, 1842.

LITERATURE IN FRANCE.

We are gradually becoming inoculated by the French and German taste for cheap bibliomania. Perhaps our fresh issues of books of sterling and recognised merit, are almost as cheap as they could be made, consistently with careful production, with the supply of a serviceable paper, and with the excessive duty to which that article (of downright necessity) is in this country ridiculously subjected. But the prices of all new books amongst us are perfectly enormous compared with those which prevail on the Continent. Every one who has been to Germany knows what the fair of Leipzig produces. In France, the business of publication is carried on with perhaps still less expense to the public; immense editions are sold, and author and bookseller are both of them well remunerated. Facts in these cases are the only arguments. During the last eighteen months, a series of little works, entitled "Physiologies," as "Physiologie du Tailleur,"

"Physiologie de l'Étudiant," "Physiologie de l'Homme à Bonnes Fortunes," has issued from the Parisian press—not very voluminous, certainly, but excellent in quality, and copiously illustrated by Gavarni and all the most eminent caricaturists of France. For these little works, for which a crown at least would be charged in London, with probably some lying nonsense in the trade puffs about "unprecedented cheapness," a single franc is charged in Paris. Let the London trade look to this. If they are not prepared to treat the public with liberality, with what face do they complain of want of encouragement? So long as they publish their books at unprofitable prices, that they should break by dozens is only a natural consequence. A "Bibliothèque Française" is now being published in Paris, in thirty volumes, presenting, for three or four francs a volume, the works of the most celebrated writers of France, illustrated by learned notes and a selection of the most esteemed commentaries. The publisher (it is no fulsome falsehood to call him "spirited") deals with nothing but *chefs d'œuvre*, and has literally realised his promise that "leur extrême modicité de prix" would place these volumes in a state of the most satisfactory completeness, "à la portée de toutes les fortunes." There is a splendid work called "Le Jardin des Plantes," with richly coloured engravings of the highest excellence, zoological, floricultural, and botanical—portraits of Cuvier, Buffon, and the other naturalists of France—views and plans of the gardens, &c.—now going through the press in thick and voluminous parts, for 30 centimes (3d.) each! If it must be our fate (which seems extremely probable) to be speedily outstripped in information and intelligence by our neighbours of the Outre Manche, let the shame rest upon monopolising, money-grinding booksellers. Let not penny magazines and encyclopedias, for the diffusion and confusion of "useful knowledge," be flung in our teeth as an answer to these remarks. They are no answer; letterpress and illustrations are both the work of inferior men, incapable of awaking the popular mind, or inspiring popular interest.* But the illustrations of animal and vegetable nature, to which we have alluded above, are the productions of the first artists of France; and elegance and exactitude of outline are rendered complete by the most magnificent colouring after nature—what a contrast to the stark and staring woodcuts by which foreigners are so much diverted in our "penny literature!"

In addition to the vast fecundity of the Parisian press in novels, romances, and tales interminable, bristling in *feuilletons*, and packed into library volumes, there is likewise a translation-factory from the English kept pretty briskly at work. The lingual steam-engine is driven by M. Defauconpret, who has translated the works of Sir Walter Scott for the Cabinets de Lecture. This gentleman has also translated several copies of Cooper's novels, and some of Captain Marryat's—the preference of selection being unquestionably accorded to them in consequence of their "naval" character—a school of art in which France is extremely backward. These translations, as may well be conceived, are truly Frenchified affairs; even the very names being curiously and ridiculously metamorphosed; thus, we have "Monsieur le Midshipman Easy" for one title, "Le Marin à Terre" (The Middy Ashore) for another, and the last issued figures as "Joseph Rushbrook." But no Frenchman ever yet could spell an English name.

The most noticeable thing about these publications is the remarkably cheap price at which they are sold. Each volume is charged only 3s. francs, whilst the paltriest translated trash that goes into our circulating libraries here is impudently priced at half a guinea a volume. The most splendid works of original fiction, witness Eugene Sue's "Mathilde," are published at the same price as Defauconpret's translations. Observe how, by this liberal arrangement, author and public (and the bookseller himself in the long run) are benefited. Cheap reprints of "standard" English works, from French presses, abound; and Galligani's establishment has been cut out in some directions, and forced in others to reduce its expensiveness, by which it rivalled even London humbug. There is scarcely, in short, a book of acknowledged merit in the circle of English literature that you cannot purchase, reprinted in Paris by Frenchmen, yet with great accuracy, for 8d., 10d., or, at the very utmost, 15d. In this most astonishing activity of the publishing world, a very marked preference is given to English literature, the German being little cultivated.—Times.

WHAT A MAN WILL DO FOR RELIGION.

Men will wrangle for religion; write for it; fight for it; die for it; any thing but—live for it.—Lacón.

FORGIVENESS.

The brave only know how to forgive; it is the most refined and generous pitch of virtue human nature can arrive at. Cowards have done good and kind actions—cowards have even fought, nay, sometimes conquered; but a coward never forgave: it is not in his nature; the power of doing it flows only from a strength and greatness of soul conscious of its own force and security, and above all the little temptations of resenting every fruitless attempt to interrupt its happiness.—Sterne.

INDUSTRY.

There is no art or science that is too difficult for industry to attain to; it is the gift of tongues, and makes a man understood and valued in all countries and by all nations; it is the philosopher's stone, that turns all metals, and even stones, into gold, and suffers not want to break into its dwelling; it is the north-west passage, that brings the merchant's ship as soon to him as he can desire. In a word, it conquers all enemies, and makes fortune itself pay contribution.—Clarendon.

* We of course demur to this, limiting ourselves, however, to the single remark, that the *Penny Cyclopædia* is a work which would do honour to any age or country.—Ed. C. E. J.

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